

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. I., No. 16.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, APRIL 21, E. M. 297. [C. E. 1897.]

WHOLE

The Ghost of John Gear.

In his coffin bed John Gear lay dead,
But John Gear's ghost stood near;
And the clergyman talked at the funeral
And the ghost bent low to hear:
The waiting ghost of the man who was dead,
He lingered to hear what the clergyman said;
So the clergyman spake and the people wept,
And the ghost looked on and the dead man slept—
And the dead man slept.

"The man who is dead," the clergyman said,
"Was the true salt of the earth;
Who shall gauge the good of his well-spent life
And the measure of his worth?
For he was a man of the olden type,
Of the honest, noble, sterling stripe."
Shame fell on the ghost as he stood nigh,
For he alone knew these words were a lie—
These words were a lie.

And the ghost was afraid and was sore dismayed
As he heard the words of praise;
And he thought of the wreck and the wrong he had done
Through the stretch of the long-gone days;
And a woman's face that was blanched with tears
Loomed up from the vast of the clamoring years;
But the ghost, while he heard all the praise of the priest,
Felt burn on his forehead the mark of the Beast—
The mark of the Beast.

And the priest preached on, but the ghost of John
Heard naught but the woman's tears;
For the silent tears of her silent life
Were thunder in his ears.
And the priest still preached with his words of praise,
And the face loomed up from the long-gone days;
The priest still praised and the people wept,
And the ghost passed on and the dead man slept—
—And the dead man slept.

—Sam Walter Foss.

Love—Its Attractions and Expression.

BY E. C. WALKER.

It was a dream of old that somewhere there was a fountain of Perpetual Youth. If one drank of its waters, the sun of Life would never go down in the ocean of Death. But neither man nor woman has yet seen its crystalline drops flashing in the light of day. The dream has passed with the advent of science. There is an Elixir, however, which warms the blood of age with the glowing aspirations and the tender joys of youth, which sets the flush of the rose in the pallid cheek stained with the tears of loss, lights the torch of hope in the eyes below the crown where the silver threads struggle for the victory which is sure over the strands of gold or the bands of midnight, and makes us forget even at the gates of the tomb that the sands of Life are running low.

This Elixir is Love, love free from the trammels of church and of state and of foolish and cruel custom. To him or to her who has trampled under foot the slimy poison-fanged snakes of superstition which coil and writhe and hiss and sting, even unto death, in the bowers of conventional love, the world takes on a new beauty and a new glory. The skies that arch down to the

horizon's rim are a clearer, darker blue, and out of their depths at night the stars shine with a warmer brilliance. The waters of old ocean rolling wave after wave over the sands of the beach or thundering against the rocky headland, keep time, as they never kept time before, with the throbbing pulses of the blood, speaking now of power and conquest and the wild riot of transfiguring passion, and anon of rest and peace and the gentle calm that infolds hearts that are free and that for the moment know no want. A keener delight is found when the aisles of the forest are followed, or footsteps are traced by the river's marge, or when we lie on the sloping hillside, with interlocked fingers between head and sword, while our drowsy eyes lazily note the leap of the squirrel from bough to bough of the oak or chestnut or hickory that towers above us and through whose scarcely-moving leaves we catch glimpses of the cirrus clouds drifting slowly across the azure, and to our entranced ears is borne the love-lilt of finch or bluebird or starling. The rose is more resplendent, the lily is fairer, and sweeter the odor of violet and pink. Music touches us with a new pathos or a more vibrant thrill, as the stroke on key or string initiates or our mood receives. Through the glass of untrammelled love the mountains stand off in statelier grandeur, and where the long grasses bow to the zephyrs the billows of the prairie roll from foot-hill to sky-line in more glorious beauty. Love in freedom inspires to most strenuous endeavor; it electrifies the pen of the poet, the brush of the painter, the chisel of the sculptor, and it transforms into gladly-proffered service toil that is lowly and grimy and wearying.

On the free woman and the free man Cupid and Venus attend from dewy youth to the hour when the golden bowl is broken and the silver cord is loosed. Romance holds ever the hand of life, and courtship smiles alike through lips where the first down rests lightly, where the dark insignia of manhood sweeps, and where are piled the snowy drifts of age. Love, always the same, yet always different in changing robe and wreath, at once fires and subdues, exalts and sustains. The new attraction is the antidote of the deathly poison of monotony, and the exertion necessary to win countervails the tendency to enslave. Our poet, J. William Lloyd, has well expressed this pregnant truth in these lines:

Love came to me with a new-appearing head—
"I see you do not know me," Love said,
"But I have many forms, and in no one am I altogether wed."
"You are truly very strange, Love," said I,
"You are never twice alike, and I cannot tell the why.
Tell me, sweet Love, are you thus always unlike and appeared differently?"
"Always," said Love, "lest men weary of me.
Lest with limits of 'I know,' they should hold me less than free."

This brings me, very late, to the consideration of Mr. Lloyd's excellent article in No. 649 of Lucifer. The essay has attracted wide attention among our radical friends, and has drawn from them many expressions of hearty admiration and sympathy. Its two most salient points are these: 1. There will usually be a central love with a number of side loves of less

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intensity, and perhaps of less permanence. 2. A long courtship should precede and prepare for the complete expression of love.

It is not my intention to enter the lists in opposition to either of the propositions, but I wish to call Mr. Lloyd's attention and the attention of the readers of *Lucifer* to a few partly or wholly indefensible expressions, while attempting to throw some side-lights on the two main issues. I think Mr. Lloyd has tried here, as he did in the "Red Heart in a White World," to map out a good deal of territory that neither he nor any other one person has explored or ever can explore. It is unquestionably true that many natures have the craving for a central love which he depicts, but it is equally true that other natures do not have that craving. This he had admitted, but with an odious implication of shallowness, as regards the second class, which might justly call out the retort that it may be as much narrowness as depth that leads to the admitted craving of the first class. Sometimes it is true and sometimes it is not true that the man or woman to whom one turns most often and in greatest trust for sympathy and help is also the woman or man to whom one is most passionately attached. So it might easily be that there would be two central loves, one a comradeship-love and the other a passion-love, to make use of some rather awkward combinations.

When Mr. Lloyd writes of "some soul-mate and heart-comrade whose faith and loyalty are as certain as life and the procession of the seasons," he speaks the language of the poet. Men and women are fallible and we can never be certain that change and even treachery will not at some time carry from us the best of friends and the dearest of lovers.

We are diverse in our attractions and our needs, and we contradict ourselves at different periods in our lives. There are monogamists and varietists; there are varietists who love one more than any other and there are varietists who find it difficult to tell which one, if any, they love most, while some are monogamists at one time and varietists at another, sometimes having a central love, and sometimes two or more loves of approximately equal intensity. And so on in the practically unending chapter of variations. No "ideal" that can be dreamed out or thought out will do for a majority of the human family.

I very seriously question if we can "love all those who love whom we love." Love is a matter of attraction, and friendship implies congeniality. We can mind our own business, respect the equal liberty of all, and so dwell in concord, but love or even friendship, demands something more positive than toleration, more intimate than peaceful neighborhood.

I do not think that free love "has usually taken either the monogamic or the promiscuous extreme." What I except to in this is the word "promiscuous." Even if it had always been taught that "permanent love was a delusion, and a succession of episodes all that a wise lover could expect," that would not imply adhesion to the doctrine or practice of promiscuity, but rather the opposite. Promiscuous signifies without selection, and therefore there could be nothing more inappropriate and illogical than the classification of variety as promiscuity. A man or a woman associating with one of the other sex and with that one only, after mutual love has ceased to draw them together, is promiscuous in his or her sexual relations, because he or she has ceased to be selective, while, on the other hand, the person who changes lovers once in three months because in each instance no longer attracted to the old love is anything but promiscuous in his or her intimacies—in fact, he or she is selective in a very high degree. Let us not lose sight of the plain meaning of words.

It is much to be doubted if Mr. Lloyd can substantiate his assertion that free love has hitherto "sighted and ignored courtship." Under freedom, the length of courtship will vary with the temperaments of the participants, and it is not necessary to formulate any general "ideal." Each case will be settled as it comes into court, so to speak, regardless of any other considerations. And I wish to say with all possible emphasis that the courtship will be co-terminous with

the period of spontaneous love relations, no matter what the degree of intimacy at any time and no matter when full intimacy begins. The divorce of courtship and sex association should be utterly alien to the thought of the social radical. That is to say, the idea that courtship must cease when intimate association commences is a relic of the barbarism of marriage, and the sooner we get rid of it the better for us and for the race.

Today the battle rages around the standard of Liberty. What may come after liberty is secured we do not know; reasoning by analogy, we hold that liberty in love is good; we have tasted a little of its fruits, and we have found them sweet and wholesome. But we of this age, in the front of the fight, realize that the sword of the emancipator is better fitted to the hand than the trowel of the temple-builder. I think the chief benefit of the plans drawn today in Philistia is the manual and mental exercise the draughtsmen obtain as they work. Real society grows; it is not made. It is easily conceivable that our Utopias would be the hells of our descendants, the children of a larger heredity and subject to environments to which we are strangers.

Love and Freedom. II.

BY FORD.

Many people acknowledge love as a force in human affairs. All people, with few exceptions perhaps, experience love in some degree during their lives, but some say nothing about it afterward. Some even say it is all a delusion and a snare—that open-eyed common sense does not admit of any such nonsense as that sentimental thing called love. Why is this thus? Perhaps the answer is not so hard as we imagine. At least a deal of new light may be shed upon the subject by a little thinking.

It is impossible here to go into those fine distinctions of attraction, from that shown by the savage to that of the kind and gentle intelligent person in our highly "civilized" country. What I mean by love just now is the attraction, the guiding force between those who are supposed to understand something of life between the sexes when these are drawn to each other. To me it has come more and more to mean a working of a better, more perfect life. The elements of this better life being more fully aroused by contact of the sexes, it is by the love expressions of such contact that both its reward and its means of growth are found. But people who have little knowledge of what love really is and little leisure for finding out, or little inclination to study the question except to follow their unreasoning or at least perverted instincts, will "fall in love" and then—why, very properly "fall out" again in most cases.

A proper understanding of love involves an overturning of much old fogysm. It will put a stop to the idea of loving only one person; more properly, to the idea of marriage. If we can rightly love whom we please or must; can express that love by moral right, then "marriage" is useless. Love has a greater binding force than any man-made law. Love, like knowledge, grows from within, and like it, gives off with no diminution of power, but rather grows from the exercise. The elements necessary to love created or generated by the sex organs are capable of great things as they become understood, in developing human character. But such understanding can only come with that broadening of life due to general enlightenment and leisure of all the people.

We love that which gives us pleasure. Sex life being the highest, the elements set in motion by contact in mutual attraction of the sexes is the highest expression of love. To be such it must be free, voluntary,—no marriage, no bond but love. In that case the persons might be attracted and meet once or many times, to only talk, to clasp hands, to kiss, or to go to the extreme expression, all depending on their state of development toward a true, normal life.

Investigation of what love is shows it is but life, I think,—a higher life that brings new elements to our use, and only a glance will show it is foolish, blind, to place all our hopes of life

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upon one person when many others are just as capable of giving and receiving love as that one—of expressing it with us.

Sex hunger may, when people know enough, be satisfied wherever suitable food be found, just as we satisfy our stomachs.

Whether we remain "faithful" to one person (though doing so seems impossible under a broader education) may depend upon the force of attraction between the pair, for no statute law can make them love unless by keeping them in ignorance of more congenial companions they have a right, morally, to find.

In our hurry-scurry world where chasing the phantom of the almighty dollar is the fashionable pastime, love, worthy the name, comes to the surface rarely except to be aroused for a moment by contact of the senses, then working its own destruction from want of knowing how to grow, it dies out and we hear that love is "all nonsense," "sentiment," that it has no place in this work-a-day world. But it will have a place in the world in the not very misty future.

Time will be when people will satisfy love-hunger—sex-hunger, where they find the right food, not thinking they must have one "grand passion" any more than that they must always eat at one table—for that is exactly what "marriage" amounts to.

When all have a chance to make something of themselves and become much more lovable comparatively than now, people will be less concentrated, narrow, "selfish." So our ideas of life are narrow now. We think liberty, that is, new liberty, means immorality, because we have seen that a *desire* for liberty *suppressed* resulted in some sort of ruin. But most of us have yet to learn that liberty alone can mean a better life, while ignorance and old ideas of liberty mean stagnation. Then, free love means not to be tied to the "dead body of our idol," but to know the laws of life and drink in its sweets all along life's journey—not to be tied to one table, cook or kitchen, but to know the laws of food and digestion and to use that food which is necessary wherever we may be.

Love belongs to the person, just as any one's sense does. It is just as narrow and foolish to love only one person, as our customs and traditions require, as it is to stay in one town all a lifetime.

Free love, then, is a better life, a liberty that means growth. It means knowledge and happiness now unknown. It does *not* mean that I have any right to expect any woman to love me because I am attracted to her and ask her to do so. It means, when you fully comprehend it, that no person can truly love, in the highest sense that some have learned to know the word, a person who does not freely return that love, for the causes of incompatibility will be plain. This state of things cannot come at once, but it also cannot come except with greater freedom. Women must not be compelled to "marry," to sell themselves sexually for the necessities or even luxuries of life. There must be growth of intellect among the masses caused by agitation, sufficient to demand, rather to *command* progress. "The masses" must become the best people. The worker, not the idler or person with title, "pedigree" or property, will be of the best of the land. All progress means growth, *experience*, not mere book education, though the latter may cause new ideas and experiences.

So I would say many people do not believe in love—to say nothing of free love—because of not knowing what it is. Our lives are not deep enough, or broad enough.

A New Monthly Magazine.

TO THE READERS OF LUCIFER. *Dear Friends:* I avail myself of Friend Harman's kindness, to let you know through his paper that I intend shortly to commence the publication of a new magazine to be called "The Philosopher," the subscription price to be 50 cents a year.

My intention in its publication is not to advocate any special reform, but to encourage the philosophical spirit, and to help us to view all questions in a broad and liberal manner,

seeking for whatever is good in all lines of progress, and trying to make it available for individual and collective happiness.

During the first year, I shall in each number reprint one chapter of a book I am now writing, entitled "The Nature of the Mind, or Can Individuality Persist After Death?" In this book I give the many reasons I have to believe that Mind is a substance closely connected with Magnetism, and the book is really an argument to show that the statements I have made in my book upon Vital Force have a foundation in scientific facts. I believe that the many persons who have been pleased with my book upon Vital Force, Magnetic Exchange and Magnetation, will be interested in this new work, and that it will be of great use to them in understanding all phenomena of a psychologic nature.

Any of Lucifer's readers who would like to see a copy of "The Philosopher" will have one sent to them by mailing me a postal card with their name and address. I shall be specially pleased to receive such a request from any of my old subscribers to the "Sociologist."

As I would like to have some subscribers to start with, I make the following offer. To anyone sending me twenty-five cents in postage stamps, I will send "The Philosopher" six months, and send at once, "In Brighter Climes, or Life in Socioland," a novel of mine just published, where I show what life would be in a country where taxation has been abolished, the ownership of land limited, gold and silver demonetized, public utilities placed in the hands of the people, and individual freedom greatly extended. In this book I also casually discuss Marriage, Divorce, and the right standard of sexual morality. The book contains over 250 pages, and from comments from those who have already read it, will, I believe, prove interesting to those persons who seek for social progress in the lines discussed.

I will also take pleasure in sending the book free to any editor who will agree to read it, review it, and send me a marked copy of its review in their paper. Your friend,

ALBERT CHAVANNES, Knoxville, Tenn.

Sociologic Lesson. No. XXXVII.

BY HENRY M. PARKHURST.

THE LABOR NOTE. The basis of the currency, in the foregoing, has been assumed to be gold. More exactly it may be stated to be value, and value is the result of past labor. Gold is practically the basis, because gold, more exactly than anything else, represents past labor which has produced something universally desired or valued. The labor note, when issued for past labor of value, and when redeemable in definite amounts of products of other past labor of value, stands upon the same footing with government notes redeemable in gold, with this exception, that the redeemability, instead of being assured by the whole people who compose the government, rests upon the good faith and ability of a small number of men, unknown except in a small locality. If the amount is indefinite, or if those who promise to redeem the note are liable to failure from death or other causes, the notes will be of uncertain value; and the producing classes will be first to feel the loss.

When the attempt is made to base a note, not upon past but upon future labor, not only is the element of uncertainty vastly increased, and the value of the note correspondingly diminished, but slave labor is substituted for free labor as its basis. A free man has the right to change his work or to cease to work, paying due regard to the necessity for completing partly finished work. The man who agrees indefinitely to perform certain work whenever required by others, loses his liberty.

While many plans for labor notes are defective for these reasons, and perhaps the defects are without remedy in society as it is, yet it may be possible in a re-organized society to introduce a currency consisting of labor notes which will avoid these defects, as I shall hereafter try to explain.

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M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Our Date.

A correspondent asks, "What do you mean by E. M. 207, and C. E. 1897?"
Ans. The first means Era of Man, and dates from the Burning of Bruno in 1600. "C. E." means Christian Era.

Our Name.

"LUCIFER: The planet Venus; so-called from its brightness."—Webster's Dictionary.

The name LUCIFER means LIGHT-BRINGING or LIGHT-BEARING and the paper has adopted this name stands

For Light against Darkness—
For Reason against Superstition;
For Science against Tradition—
For Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—
For Liberty against Slavery—
For Justice against Privilege.

LUCIFER's speciality is Sexology, or Sexologic Science, believing this to be the Most Important of all Sciences, because Most Intimately Connected with the origin or Inception of Life, when Character, for Good or Ill, for Strength or Weakness, for Happiness or Misery, for Success or Failure, is stamped upon each individual.

Published weekly. One dollar per year. Three months for twenty-five cents. Foreign subscribers will please add the postage to their respective countries.

Make all orders payable to Moses Harman, 1394 W. Congress St., Chicago, Ill

BACK VOLUMES of Lucifer, at fifty cents per volume to all paid up subscribers to Lucifer, or to "Our New Humanity."

LUCIFER CIRCLE meets at 1394 West Congress street, Tuesday evening, April 27. Subject of discussion "Co-operative Stores." Chas. Levy will read a paper.

Samples.

Persons receiving a copy of Lucifer for which they have not subscribed will please read it carefully and note the special offer to new subscribers.

HAVING had more than his equitable share of space in recent issues, the "scribe" of Lucifer takes a back seat this week, and gives place to correspondents. Those friends whose articles still fail to appear will please remember that of all trying positions in life, that of an editor is perhaps the most perplexing. How to equitably apportion the space at his command, and yet give offense to none, requires skill and judgment almost if not quite superhuman.

Woman's Responsibility.

There is really so little difference between the position occupied by Mrs. Waisbrooker and that contended for by myself, that there seems little or no need of rejoinder. While denying woman's "responsibility to the unborn" Mrs. Waisbrooker practically admits such responsibility when she says, "When woman wakes to her power, withdraws her thought-force from man's system . . . our present system of wrong and outrage will disappear."

The very worst feature of "man's system,"—the feature that must be eliminated before the system as a whole can be destroyed or reformed, is the enslavement of woman in her maternal functions—her sex-life, and to deny woman's responsibility to offspring, while submitting to this enslavement is to deny her responsibility as reformer of man's economic system, or "system of force," of which Mrs. Waisbrooker speaks.

So far as I now remember, the subject of "contracepts" was not present in my thought when replying to Mrs. Waisbrooker's previous article. I certainly do not recommend contracepts as the best or the only means by which woman can secure

immunity from unwelcome parenthood. I simply contend for woman's right to choose the means of securing such immunity. I have my own objections to all such expedients, but maintain that wisdom—knowledge utilized, is absolutely necessary to woman and to man alike. Woman should claim and exercise the right to use such "scientific appliances" whenever her enlightened judgment tells her it is the best thing for her to do—all conditions and results considered. There is nothing that woman (or man) can do but may be right and proper for her to do under conceivable conditions. There is no absolute standard of right or duty, in this or any other relation of life.

As to whether man can waken woman to a sense of her power is yet to be tried. If man were not himself part woman, that is, possessed of feminine elements in his make-up, it might be true that he is powerless to awaken woman to a sense of her responsibility to the unborn. I still adhere to the statement that the population question is not primarily nor solely a question of sex. While it is true that upon woman rests, and should rest, the chief responsibility of parenthood—since she performs all the real work of child-building, it is also true that man, as member of the human solidarity, is vitally interested in the result of the work of child building. Hence if woman will not rouse herself it would seem to be right and proper that man should try to rouse his "veiled and sleeping" sister.

A friend at my right suggests and formulates, as an addition to the foregoing, the following:

"Mrs. Waisbrooker's recommendation to Messrs. 'Harman, Ruedebusch and Elliott' to practice continence, is somewhat interesting in view of the fact that she will scarcely claim that such men as they make women sex slaves. If they are not 'continent,' then, it must follow that the women with whom they associate desire such association. With all due respect for Mrs. Waisbrooker's judgment I must advance it as my opinion that the women who love, and are loved by, these men should be the ones to choose what form their association with them shall take, and these free women would doubtless consider all such advice as that of Mrs. Waisbrooker's a work of supererogation."

Marriage and Freethought

BY C. L. JAMES.

It was among the profound remarks of that really great "Freethinker," Francis Bacon, that mere infidelity, being nothing, amounts to nothing. The true Material-Atheist is born, not made. He is simply a man who was built that way, nor can I see a particle of evidence that the percentage of persons thus defective in spiritual insight is either less or greater now than at any previous time. Accordingly a publication devoted to the propagation of Material-Atheism alone, can do no good except the incidental one of helping to secure freedom for expression of all honest thought. But a publication devoted to discouraging freedom for the expression of honest thought in the name of infidelity, may do a great deal of harm. On this account I have long regarded the "Free Thought Magazine" as an avowed enemy to progress—its mission being to engage as many born atheists as possible in resistance to all innovations except those their atheism makes it certain they will favor in any case. Since, however, Mr. Green has admitted into his pages a defense of Free Love, and assumed to answer the same, his reply becomes worth considering on its own merits.

Mr. Green professes to favor marriage "not because of the Adam and Eve myth story," but "because it is proved by experience to have produced the greatest amount of happiness of any institution in the world." That would not be saying much for it. No institution is, or can, in the nature of things, be anything but a method of perpetuating barbarous customs, from which, in its absence, men, as they became more enlightened, would get away the faster.

But where is the experience he refers to? Why does he not give us some details? It requires very little "experience" to

teach us that marriage cannot exist without the aid of prostitution, and very little to teach that it is but a modification of prostitution. Louis IX, of France, (*Saint Louis*), and, at a much later period, the Empress Maria Theresa, entirely suppressed prostitution for some time. These eminent and virtuous Catholic sovereigns reluctantly repealed their edicts because "experience" showed them that in suppressing prostitution they were suppressing marriage too.

If Mr. Green does not know this he ignores the "experience" of history. If he does know it, how can he say that "experience" proves marriage beneficial, unless, indeed, he is prepared to say the same of prostitution? In another place he says that he would have "government protect and guard and improve" marriage. Unless he condescends to tell us how, we may safely retort his and Moore's most unfair charge of suppressing our real sentiments.

It is not, indeed, difficult to see how government might "protect and guard" marriage. It might give parents an absolute right to sell their daughters in marriage at any age. It might make marriage indissoluble for any cause. It might punish adultery with death. But all these things have been very extensively done; and they have been discontinued (when at all) because "experience showed" that they did not promote happiness.

As to "improving" marriage, what the big, big D does Mr. Green mean by that? Let him try to have divorce granted for marital rape; and he will soon find others know, if he does not, that "experience shows" this would be abolishing marriage!

The long and short of it is that what Green takes for experience is simply prejudice. There is no experience showing that the institution of marriage is conducive to happiness. But Green, and other people who do not think, are used to a particular form of that institution; and because they don't think they assume that what they are used to is O. K.

The first characteristic of a real freethinker, not a mere atheist, is to think; and the first result of thinking is to teach him that the institutions of his own time differ only in degree of badness, not at all in kind of badness, from the older institutions they have supplanted.

The Gospel of Self-Respect.

BY LILLIAN HARMAN.

In No. 654 there was a question raised which I think involves a very important principle. If I do not misunderstand Mr. Mathers, he said that he would not care to associate with people who "gratify their sensual passions" regardless of principle. These people, I infer, are the women who unthinkingly and weakly yield themselves to the "seducer"—the man who seeks only his momentary gratification regardless of the consequences to the woman,—and those women who sell themselves in prostitution outside of marriage.

This position seems to me untenable, and for this reason: I can think of no more important possession than self-respect, which should include a self worthy of respect. If a woman does something of which she is ashamed she thereby injures herself. It matters not how innocent the act may be, how free from injury to others. If she feels that it is wrong, it is wrong for her, for it lessens her sense of self-respect. For this reason, I would say to any woman who seemed to desire my opinion, "Do you think you are doing right? Do you feel that your course of action is for the highest and ultimate good of yourself, your children and humanity? If so, you are on the "Open Road" even though from my view-point you are going backward. I believe that when you discover your mistake you will retrace your steps, will repair your error as well as may be."

But this is aside from the question, do you say? I think not; for I want to impress on the mind of the reader the great importance which I attach to the sense of self-respect. To the weak woman, or to the woman who has lost her self-respect, I would say: "Such loss is not irreparable. You may yet be an

'honest' woman, a 'virtuous' woman, a *self-respecting* woman.

"Only resolve that you will do what you feel to be right, that you will attain that self-respect, and you cannot fail to win the respect of others, as well."

If a man is blind, do we knock him down, then kick him for falling, and when he strives to rise, mockingly laugh at his stumbling steps? Nay, if he stumble, and fall, and lie discouraged and feeling himself forsaken, do we not go to him and give him a helping hand, and set him on the right way, even taking our own time, if necessary, to accompany him as far as needful? So, when we see a girl, reared in the darkness of ignorance of her own being, the vitiating atmosphere of dependence on the will and guidance of others, thrown in her helplessness upon the world, and "falling," in her blindness into the slough of disgrace, what should we do? Shall we refuse to aid her to reach the solid ground of self-respect, fearing that, in touching her, some of the slime of her disgrace may cling to us? If we are so easily contaminated we are surely losing our foothold on the only sure foundation of self-respect and are already disgraced by such cowardice.

There is no one so low or degraded that he or she has no redeeming qualities. Let us respect that which seems respectable; let us show our hope for the growth of, and our kindly interest in, all those with whom we come in contact, whether we think they are guided by the clear light of our principles, or not.

I do not think there is "an orthodox saloon-keeper, gambler or prostitute" in Chicago or in the world whose proffered hand I would refuse. My own line of conduct is, to myself, very clearly defined, and I have not the slightest fear that, even in the company of the members of those professions I would either drink, play for gain, or sell my body for a night or a lifetime. I am thoroughly convinced that such action would not be for my good, so why should I blindly follow the example of others whom I think are injuring themselves?

For the improvement of ourselves, as well as for the betterment of conditions for those who come after us, we need an increase in friendly feeling for those who do not see principles as we do; we need a higher sense of justice, which will restrain us from invading the personal domain of others, even when we feel that it is for their good; and more than all, or first of all, do we need a greater development of self-knowledge, self-poise, self-respect.

Woman's Power.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

I see by *Lucifer* of March 24, that its editor has not only found place for my article, but for comments as long as the article itself, and further, he kindly invites me to reply to comments.

"It is because I believe with Charlotte Perkins Stetson that woman 'walketh veiled and sleeping'," etc.

Well, really, I should like to look into Mrs. Stetson's face while someone took the ground that the "sleeping power" to which she refers should be applied in using contracepts to the limiting of the family.

"To awaken my sister woman from her lethargy—her criminal lethargy,—to a sense of her responsibility to the unborn."

I deny that responsibility. A slave is not a responsible party. Does not Mr. Harman know that no woman will bear a child unless man has first begotten it? It lies with him to limit the family, not with her, and when Mr. Harman, Ruedebusch, Elliot, and others who advocate contracepts, will practice continence and rouse their brothers "to a sense of their responsibility," there will be no need of scientific, and so-called harmless appliances to prevent conception. I cannot speak for other women, but were I thirty instead of seventy, and life's strong tide demanded expression I would seek self-relief before I would enter into a sex relation with a man and scientific appliances between, for then I alone would know of the degradation,

and woman's arm is not "too short to reach our economic system in any other way."

It is the "sleeping-power" of which but few women are yet conscious, and which man cannot waken her to, for he does not understand, it being peculiarly her own—it is this power that will do the work when roused and rightly applied. Yes, it is true that woman "can do but little without man's co-operation," nothing in the way of construction. Men and women in their work are like the warp and woof of a piece of cloth; take either out the other naturally goes to pieces. When woman wakes to her power, withdraws her thought-force from man's system and gestates the warp for a new order of things, she will then become the positive power, and not only the economic, but all other parts of our present system of wrong and outrage will disappear. Woman in doing this need not, will not, "antagonize" man, but the system; she will simply change the polarity of his action, of his methods, and this she cannot do if she consent to unnatural sex-relations to please him. The sex-fountain is the source of power and consenting to tamper with it to please man diverts that power to man's use; and as a sex, he will continue to use such power to perpetuate this system of force, till obliged to relinquish his hold by just such withdrawal of thought support as I am trying to show.

And now, as I have just read "The New Ideal," I will pay my respects to its author. Mr. Ruedebusch says of my pamphlet, "Anything More, My Lord," "that all the arguments made therein refer only to enslaved, superstitious women and hence do not apply to *our case*."

I hardly know how to characterize this assertion. If a belief in—a knowledge of a future life, and that sex, its right use gives us the best condition for the enjoyment of that life, is superstition, then my words are for the superstitious, the enslaved woman, but I deny that such knowledge based on intelligent investigation is superstition. If so, then I am superstitious, and yet I believe myself even a better Freethinker than Mr. Ruedebusch himself, for instead of rejecting my own experiences and those of millions of others, I am free to search for the cause of so much harm to the human family from this source, and I find it rooted in the personal-god-idea and that of the belief in the right of that life, or of those there, to rule the affairs of this. I reject everything of the kind. I claim the right to think and act for myself independently of the arbitrary control of any personality or set of personalities in the universe.

HILDA'S HOME.

BY ROSA GRAUL.

CHAPTER XXXV.

From this explanation it was evident that neither of the two elder daughters had any too much love for the stepmother, who was domineering in character. Of late years the freedom-loving Edith had refused to submit to her many dictations. She absolutely refused in any manner to be a subordinate. When Hilda found her sister making such a brave effort to free herself from the domination of the stepmother she was not long in following her example. The stepmother appealed to the father, who in turn ordered his daughters to explain.

Edith did explain. She said that Hilda and herself were now old enough to judge for themselves in all personal matters. They demanded freedom in all their actions. If it were refused them at home they would seek a home elsewhere. With youth and health they were confident they would not starve.

But Edmund Wallace was a proud man. After the disastrous ending of his first marriage, with the second wife, brilliant and fashionable, at his side,—a woman who seemed better to understand how to manage her husband than did the timid Erna before her, Mr. Wallace had been more successful financially. Dabbling in politics he had secured to himself political and social position and hence the idea that his daughters should leave his house to find a home elsewhere was not at all to his liking. Such a thing would draw attention, and cause

unpleasant notoriety. So, for once, he sided with his daughters and gave his wife to understand that they were at liberty in all personal matters to do as they pleased.

The haughty woman was almost strangled in her anger, but found herself forced to submit. But if she could no longer domineer there were a thousand other ways in which she could make the lives of the girls a daily torture. The result was that Edith again turned to her father, telling him that under existing circumstances they could not and would not longer remain. So another and more decided change was made. A room was assigned to Edith and Hilda as their "sanctum." Through the political influence of the father positions were secured for both girls, which furnished them with pocket money to spend as they saw fit. The salary of each was sixty dollars per month, twenty of which each contributed toward keeping up the establishment. This arrangement made them independent, and from the day it was made both refused to take part in the household duties. Mrs. Wallace had to procure hired help. Then it was she came to realize the full value of these despised step-daughters. But as she considered it beneath her dignity to unbend towards the girls there was a constant frigidity between them.

There were four children from this second marriage, two girls and two boys; the girls being the eldest. All four were away at school. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were away spending the hot summer months at some mountain resort. The girls having vacation, nothing averse, took charge of the house, expecting later in the season to spend a week or two on some quiet country farm. To the circumstance of the absence of the rest of the family was it due that Cora had found such a haven of rest under this roof prepared by the kind and loving hearts and hands of this sister pair. That she herself was the sister of one who had such a warm friend in that absent brother who to them personated the whole of all manly graces and perfections, made it to seem more like a privilege than otherwise that they should have been permitted to lavish their tenderest care upon her; besides the sufferer had won for herself a place in these sisterly hearts that was all her own, a place that no one would ever be able to deprive her of.

Alice had often called during the past two weeks but as yet had not seen the injured girl. Somehow Cora had always been asleep and it was deemed unwise to awaken her. Norman also had found his way several times to the Wallace abode, as indeed it would have been strange if he had not. When making his first visit he said:

"It seems we are destined to love under difficulties—always someone claiming the love and attention of the woman that I faint would monopolize." When he heard that in this case the claim came from the lost and erring sister a cloud had for a moment rested upon his manly face. Then gravely and tenderly he had said, kissing the pure forehead of the girl he loved,

"Do what you think is your duty, and what you think is best, my sweetheart. I would not have you do otherwise,"—and then Imelda had gone back to her sister's bedside with a much lighter heart and with a new sense of happiness. Today, as she stood watching the face of the sleeping sister, thoughts and feelings came crowding upon her that she herself might have found difficult to analyze. Poor Cora, thought Imelda, how manifold and oft how painful had been her experiences. If she had dealt many a cruel blow to others, in the thoughtlessness of youth, it was very evident that she had suffered much and keenly, and yet—looking at her experiences without prejudice, was she not, in some respects, more to be envied than to be pitied or condemned? This very reckless daring that was Cora's chief characteristic, had secured to her a term of such intense, such exquisite happiness that Imelda, with her high-strung morals, could never hope to attain, and as she bent to kiss the sleeping girl she whispered:

"You possess more courage than the sister you think so pure. You are more true to nature and to yourself than I."

When Cora awoke, refreshed from a long sleep, she would

have resumed the thread of her story but Imelda positively refused to listen. Instead the invalid was again arrayed in the pretty wrapper and, with the assistance of Hilda, was led down the broad stairway to the handsome parlor. Here the trio of girls read, played and sang for her amusement, and several times during the evening Cora's clear, sweet laugh rang out, making music in Imelda's heart. An unbroken night's rest followed, and the next morning found the sisters once more seated by the window and Cora ready to take up the thread of her narrative where she had left off the day before.

"Owen Hunter was the only child of very wealthy parents. They were the possessors of millions. All the advantages that wealth can procure had been his. At college he had graduated with the first honors. He was gifted with talents of high order—a poet born; a musical genius, and his gift of song alone would have made him famous, had he so desired. But, as is so often the case with natures of this kind, he was very impulsive. The blood in his veins was extra hot, and at the early age of eighteen he had got himself entangled with a dark-eyed southern beauty, whom he deemed the perfection of all woman-kind. His mother had died when he was sixteen, else she might perhaps have been able to guide him with loving gentleness where reason and parental commands failed. The girl with whom he had fallen so madly in love was also wealthy, and had had the benefit of a thorough education—that is, a fashionable one. She knew how to dance, how to bow gracefully. She possessed an exhaustless supply of small talk, quick of repartee, brilliant and witty. She knew how to haughtily snub a social inferior—and so on through the long list of fashionable accomplishments.

"Owen saw only the fascinating smile and the wild, witching beauty that had set fire to his brain. For some reason his father was opposed to an alliance with Leonie Street. Perhaps he better read beneath the attractive surface. But Owen was determined, and when he was scarcely twenty he married the girl who had so completely bewildered his senses. Young as he was he was at the head of a large business firm. His father of late had been in poor health, and upon the young man's shoulders was laid the burden that had become too heavy for those of the older man. And when his father died, stepping into his inheritance he found himself worth some twenty millions of dollars.

"Long ere this, however, Owen Hunter had discovered that he had made a grand matrimonial mistake. The woman he had married was only a fashion plate, with this difference. A fashion plate is called inanimate, whereas Mrs. Hunter was possessed of a temper so fiery that she became quite dangerous when something occurred to arouse her ire. In her passionate moods she was so vulgar as to be disgusting. One babe had come, but as if her passion was a poison that killed, the little thing only lived a few days, and none other ever came.

"Of short duration had been their honeymoon. She managed soon to thoroughly disenchant her boy husband—to cure him of the infatuation that had led him to brave even his father's displeasure; displeasure which might have meant a great deal to him, as his father was noted for a certain bull-dog tenacity or stubbornness. When once he took a stand, either for or against, he would hold to it, to the bitter end, no matter if later he found that only he was in the wrong and all others in the right.

"Since there was no sweet baby smile to woo and win the hearts of these two, Owen and Leonie Hunter daily drifted farther and farther apart, neither caring, or little caring, what the other was doing. His millions were at her command where with to satisfy her every whim, and this wealth enabled her to worship at the shrine of fashion, to her heart's content. Their "home" was a mansion; one of the most beautiful of homes, but Owen Hunter only went to it to sleep, and not always then. Sometimes home did not see him for weeks at a time. The clubs suited him better than the princely mansion which contained his dark-browed wife. His wedded experience had made

him reckless, and he made the most of what his wealth would buy him. He was not by nature bad; not by any means. He was only what circumstances had made him. Deep down hidden in the innermost recesses of his being were the germs of a noble manhood, but those germs were fast going to decay for want of the magic touch which would waken them to life and growth. Sometimes he felt heartsick and soul-weary when he realized that with all the countless wealth at his command there was none so poor as he; that his bosom bore a starving heart. In all the vast multitudes of the great city there was not one face to brighten at his coming, to smile a welcome at his return to the place he called home.

"In a mood like this, one evening as he was passing a deserted thoroughfare he was attracted by a woman's cry. A woman was struggling in the grasp of a man. A well directed blow felled the ruffian to the earth while the rescuer caught an almost fainting girl in his arms.

"That was the way in which I became acquainted with Owen Hunter. He offered to see me to my home. I told him I had none. He seemed to understand it all in a moment, and afterwards he told me that he did so understand. A young woman whose condition was so apparent, and no home, could have only one story to tell,—a very common story, and at that moment he felt, as he afterwards explained, just as forlorn and alone, just as hopeless and homeless. It was as though I had touched a hidden wellspring. He drew my arm through his and said:

"Come."

"I was trembling in every nerve. The terror I had undergone almost paralyzed me. He saw I was almost unable to stand."

To be continued.

VARIOUS VOICES.

Elizabeth H. Russell, Cleveland, O.:—It seems I forgot to say that the hand mill works all right, and gives perfect satisfaction.

[In answer to frequent inquiries we say that no word of dissatisfaction has yet reached us from those who have bought hand mills of us. M. H.]

Victor Laine, Santa Cruz, Cal.:—I hasten to inclose one dollar for a year's subscription to Lucifer. I read the "Snap Shots at Frauds and Fossils," by Walker, and it is just, right and very good. I have also read your article in the "Free Thought Magazine." Will say it is grand, very fine. I hope to get more like that in Lucifer. Please send me a copy of Lucifer of Jan. 13, 1897, if you can.

F. A. M. Cook, M. D., Columbus, Kan.:—Have had mail in three weeks installments this winter. Am behind with all my papers but will send you a dollar. The hand mill has been my one support, and does good work.

[Lucifer has gone regularly to Dr. Cook, so far as we know. Many complaints of failure of the mails reach us. All we can say is, be sure to let us know when papers fail to come and we will try again. M. H.]

C. E. Baird, Philadelphia, Penn.:—I have just received from some source February 10th number of Lucifer, and read it. I see in it ideas I have long entertained but have not met many people in my life who agree with me. I am glad to see your paper and inclose my check for same for three months and the above publications. I will very probably order all your books soon. I subscribe for all publications of merit that have for their object the freeing of our people from social, political and religious bondage.

Sylvina L. Woodard, Golden Eagle, Ill.:—Inclosed find one dollar subscription to Lucifer for another year. Times are very hard here, as I suppose they are everywhere among those who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brows," but I must

655.

Do these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your Lucifer? If so your subscription expires with this number. Please renew for another year.

stand by our old friend Lucifer as long as I can. It seems to me that the political tangle of our government grows more complicated every year. Oh, for a few more honest men who will not be bribed, but will work for the best good of the down-trodden, toiling masses.

F. C. Keinath, Lacon, Ill.:—I am a reader of "Truth Seeker" and "Free Thought Magazine." S. P. Putnam has been my ideal Freethinker and when I saw H. L. Green's editorial in January magazine, I was grieved to think that a Liberal would write such an article about the deceased President of the Free-thought Federation. In his editorial he mentioned Moses and Lillian Harman, also Lucifer. I sent for some copies of Lucifer, liked them and subscribed for three months. I am very much pleased with Lucifer and intend to stay with it. I have never seen "Our New Humanity." Inclosed find twenty-five cents for which you may send me the January number.

Dora Boss, Amherst, Wis.:—Yours received. Sorry you needed to notify me, but it was all because I was in receipt of so much "McKinley prosperity." The voters are all Republicans up in this neck o' woods and the confidence game worked finely. Home industries are developing. An epidemic of small burglaries—all "prentice jobs" and evidently by home talent. Plenty of arrests, foreclosures of mortgages, etc., etc.

Likewise the time-honored vocation of tramping seems to have received a new impetus here. Co-operative industry also flourishes by means of which an unusual number of babies bar sinistered and otherwise are cared for by the town collectively. And yours truly is poor as a church mouse, but nevertheless incloses you one dollar on subscription.

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